

211 A
MONTREAL

TO THE

MARITIME PROVINCES

AND BACK.

THE ANTIS. WHO THEY ARE. CONVERSATIONS. COAL FIELDS
OF NOVA SCOTIA. HALIFAX AND ST. JOHN,
&c., &c., &c.

By A. G. GILBERT,
MONTREAL "EVENING TELEGRAPH."

Price 25 Cents.

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1867.

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EXCURSION TO HALIFAX.

INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE—AMERICAN GIRLS—CRINOLINE EXALTED

For Portland, ho ! There was the usual hurry and bustle peculiar to a railway station as the hour drew near for the departure of the 10.10 p.m. train from the Bonaventure Station for Quebec and Portland. There was Paterfamilias, his better half, his grown-up daughters, and the luggage. The young ladies are a little nervous, and with much peevishness insist "that it is time to get on the train and get a good seat, or they wouldn't have any at all." Paterfamilias, with the air of an old traveller, pooh-poohs this, and declares there is no hurry, while, between the urgent entreaties and frequent tugs of her dutiful daughters and the important air of her liege lord, the maternal authority is very uncomfortable and very hot. Then there is the independent gentleman, with his small valise and satchel (sources of no care) smoking his pipe with a smile of complacency and coolness of demeanor in provoking contrast with the party and baggage. As he walks past the fretting young ladies, a glance of commiseration is bestowed on them, which at once calls forth their indignation, and, with renewed nudges, they declare "that horrid fellow is laughing at them." Then comes the spinster, or rather the single lady, with her bandbox and huge trunk ; the latter she submits to be checked, but the former is a treasure to her too precious to depart from the safe-keeping of her own hands. Before entering the carriage, many times she asks "if this is the right train," and as many times is she answered in the affirmative. At last all are on board ; the young ladies are contented, Paterfamilias wipes his perspiring brow ; the

single lady has been assured for the fiftieth time that *it is* the right train ; the last bell rings ; the man that is always late has rushed on board ; the whistle blows, and for Portland, ho !

FROM MONTREAL TO PORTLAND.

The car is a large and commodious one, well lighted, and very comfortable, made to feel doubly so by the knowledge that outside it is dark and raining, and as the drops patter against the windows, every one realises how snug they are, and dispose of themselves in a manner most conducive to ease and comfort. Perhaps no people possess a greater facility for so quickly adapting themselves to circumstances as our American cousins, for see in those two seats turned facing one another are seated four American ladies, who "are travelling," as they have informed the car indiscriminately some time before. They doff their bonnets, and wrapping their shawls comfortably about their heads, arrange their dresses, and prepare to make themselves at home for the night. How differently situated is the single lady, and how uncomfortable she appears as she sits bolt upright, nervously clasping the large bandbox on her knees. She is evidently ill at ease, and thinks it very disagreeable to travel. Not so the American ladies. They are perfectly happy, and enjoying a chat in the manner peculiar to their great nation, by talking as loudly as they can, with a total disregard to the other passengers on the car truly delightful. And the manner in which they guess, and calculate, and reckon, and wonder, and criticise, is as amusing to the listener as it is characteristic of the greatest Republic on the face of the earth. With them everything seems to be on the same large scale, even to assurance, tone of voice, and bad manners. On speeds the train. Those who have secured sleeping berths have retired to them, and those remaining are sociably engaged in conversation with their neighbours, or vainly attempting to sleep. Richmond is reached ; and here the American ladies are reinforced by two other ladies, whom they have evidently met before ; for no sooner are

they in the car than a recognition takes place, and all squeeze themselves together to have a "talk." The guessing, reckoning, and calculating is renewed with double vigor, and questions and cross-questions fly in any quantity in every direction. Party the first, in high nasal tone, tells party the second: "Waa'l, we haave bin to Montreal." "Waa'l, what did you see thaire?" enquires party the second. "We saw some very fine churches,—the churches aire beautiful." "Oh!" says party the first, "I haave bin to Europe, and I guess I have seen most churches I want to see. But we came to Canaday, and a party told us that Montreal was nothing; to go to Quebec." Here a hearty laugh was indulged in that would have roused the indignation of the most indifferent Quebecer, and one of the ladies at once remarked, "It was pairfeckly reediklus." The ancient city had evidently found no favor in the eyes of the travelling ladies. But at last the conversation is finished; gradually one by one becomes silent; a loud snore in a deep bass from the right, followed by a high tenor close at hand, give notice that some are already asleep. The American ladies draw their shawls closer around them, and, if not asleep, are at any rate quiet.

ISLAND POND.

At daylight all are again awake, and soon after the stentorian voice of the conductor gave the information that "Cars would be changed at Island Pond, and a half-an-hour allowed for breakfast." Shortly afterwards the train reached the station, and a general scamper took place for the nearest hotel, where a very bad breakfast was furnished at a very high price. Breakfast being finished, and the baggage searched, the new train was quickly filled with passengers, but would not leave for fifteen minutes yet. It was very evident that Canada had been left behind. While the train waited, youths with long white or yellow dusters, broad checked trousers, and vulgar patent leather boots, with a rowdy hat cocked to one side and cigar in mouth, lounged about the station and stared impertinently, and told of

another country, and other fashions besides those of Canada. The dividing line was not broad, but the distinction was great. Pale-faced girls, with sallow complexions, languid eyes and nasal intonation of voice, wearing large shawls or cloaks of dark tartan colour, with hair done up in the extreme of fashion, now came on board as passengers, and told of another people, another nationality, speaking a so-called English, but how different in looks, in manner and in behaviour. The sallow complexion of the American girls was in strange contrast with the fair faces, sparkling eyes, and blooming appearance of several of their Canadian sisters, seated not far from them. But the American girls are not all sallow, pale-faced or sickly looking. There are some who are as fair and pretty as girls of any other country, but the majority are not. At eighteen and nineteen young girls in looks and age, at twenty-five old women in looks, but young in years. This is witnessed on every side. A really handsome American girl is seldom seen. Small in stature, they may be pretty, but not handsome; many are more sallow, thin and sickly looking than refined or delicate in appearance. But to be pale or "interesting" looking is the pride of these foolish girls, and too often what is considered interesting looking is a yellow complexion, and their paleness is more of a dyspeptic look. That these are facts all have an opportunity for judging. But the train is again in motion, and this time we go from

ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND.

Island Pond is a very beautiful little place, and is the beginning of scenery very different in its nature from that we have left behind. As the train rushes on, the scenery gets more beautiful. The day is lovely, the sun shining brightly and warmly, and the occupants of the cars, under its influence, are chatting away merrily. On speeds the train, and still more beautiful does the scenery get. On the right, high hills are passed, rising higher in the distance, while, on the left, the thick woods reach to the edge of the track. On

goes the train, now rushing past a pretty little village, with its neatly painted station house, now running by the edge of a diminutive river, or over a bridge across a gully deep below ; now running by the base of some high hill well wooded to the top, or through a valley extending far to right and left, and anon into an open country, displaying fields well cultivated and nearly green with the young and rising crop ; past high hills, still getting higher, both to right and left, forming beautiful valleys, in which snugly nestle pretty little villages, their white houses and steepled churches gleaming cheerily in the bright sunshine. Berlin Falls, Bethel, Paris, and other stations are quickly passed, and the White Mountains can now be seen not far ahead. Soon the train stops at Goram, with a large hotel close to the station, called the Alpine House, and apparently full of tourists. An omnibus, bearing the name Glencoe House, is waiting, and the name is not out of keeping with the scenery, which, although not quite as mountainous and lacking the heather, is not unlike the far-famed Glencoe and Ballyhulish of Scottish notoriety. The White Mountains are wrapped in angry looking clouds, and heavy mists roll about the sides, completely hiding the mountain tops from view. But still it adds more effect to the appearance of the celebrated mountains, and they look very stormy-like certainly. While passing through the mountains, the storm burst forth, and we received the contents of the clouds in the shape of a heavy rain and high wind. It was now evident that a change had taken place in the weather for the worse, and that there was no hope of a better state of affairs for some time to come.

SAD BUT TRUE.

It has often been said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Be this a truth or not, as a general rule, here is an instance. The White Mountains had scarcely been left behind, when the country again became open. The land was rolling and the farmer had taken advantage of it ; for fine farms could be seen both far

and near. One field close to the track contained a crop so valuable that it was necessary to protect it from the visits of the crows, and the means adopted for doing so was as great an instance of Yankee ingenuity as it was sad in its effect. Here, suspended from high poles, waving to and fro *as scare-crows*—whisper it not in Montreal, breathe it not in Great St. James Street—were six or eight *crinolines*. Rusted and ragged, torn and tattered, they fluttered in the breeze in a manner to frighten bipeds of far more intelligence than crows. The wind blew—the crinolines waved. They were indeed terrible to behold. No crow would venture near such as those. The gentlemen laughed, the ladies blushed, and well they might. 'Twas but yesterday that ladies swept past us extended to the very limits of patience and the sidewalk—to-day they glide past us as thin as a bean-pole, and apparently with as little clothing. The fickle goddess of fashion indulges in a whim, all follow her example, and crinoline is discarded. Oh! how fickle is everything appertaining to fashion. Yesterday the Duplex Elliptic, the Sans Flectum, and the Empress Trail were treasures very precious. To-day the fashion changes, and they are cast away, but not lost; oh! no—they become scare-crows. What would have been thought of him three months ago who would have dared to say that crinoline would make good scare-crows. No language would have been too harsh for him. Crinoline is having its revenge. It is now frightening away the crows. Never was it so useful before.

The train went on, and the field was left behind. The rain still continued to fall heavily, and on reaching Portland about 3 p.m., the city looked dirty and dingy; the water dropping from the scattered houses with dampening effect on both spirit and clothes. To add to the pleasure of the occasion, the boat for St. John would not likely be on time, as it was blowing great guns outside, and very foggy. There was nothing for it but to grin and bear for four hours or more. Portland has by no means a prepossessing appearance, especially on a wet day; and the new brick buildings,

half-built houses, squares of blackened timbers, and empty spaces, mark painfully the effects of the great conflagration. But that it will do good, the enterprising inhabitants have no doubt. Brick and stone buildings will take the place of wooden ones, and wider streets and finer buildings are to be at once made and built on the sites now covered with the ashes of the former ones.

Several very fine buildings have already been put up, and many more will shortly follow. The rain falling heavily, no opportunity was afforded for more extended observations, and it was besides actually cold. The change from the heat experienced in Montreal at the time of departure was very great, and the Canadians did not relish the sudden coolness of the sea-breeze, and sincerely desired a change. However, it was a storm and no one could possibly help that. A loud whistle sounds through the fog, and the glad intelligence is heard that the boat is coming. No time is lost on getting on board the steamer, which turns out to be the large and fast boat the "New York." On board everything is comfortable, and the saloon is crowded with passengers, an unusual number taking advantage of the excursion from Boston and Portland to visit the Maritime Provinces. The weather is very stormy outside and a "rough night" is anticipated, but from Portland to St. John and Halifax must form the contents of another letter.

FROM PORTLAND TO HALIFAX.

FROM PORTLAND TO ST. JOHN—SEA SICK HUMANITY—FOG—
ST. JOHN—NOVA SCOTIA.

As there was a very large quantity of freight to be taken on board, the steamer was delayed for no little time, but the last package was tossed in, the whistle shrieked again, and the *New York*, with nearly four hundred passengers on board, was off for St. John, calling at Eastport. The scene in the splendidly lighted saloon was very brilliant, and, chat-

tering and laughing, every one was in the gayest mood. But suddenly a change came over the scene.

Passing out of the channel the heavy roll of the Atlantic was encountered, and as it had been blowing hard all day the sea was very high, and the fine steamer was pitching and tossing about in gallant style. The conversation ceased. Ladies grew pale, and still paler very quickly, and rushed into their state-rooms in all the agonies of sea-sickness. Sturdy men and tall looked very determined, desperately tried to keep their spirits up, and confidently declared "they didn't feel the least sick." But the long face grew longer, and soon they might have been seen affectionately grasping the side of the vessel, moaning and groaning in a manner neither musical or subdued. No pride had they now; the firm step and haughty bearing were all forgotten, and it was indeed hard to realize that yonder object was Mr. Million, who walked so proudly but an hour ago. Little, poor man, did he care then whether his name was Million or Thousands, whether he was six feet two or five feet three. No, he was in the lowest depths of misery, and none of his untold gold could buy him a moment's comfort. The poorest beggar on *terra firma* was to be envied as compared to him then. He was very sick; and so was the Dandy near him. Surely! he could not have been the exquisite of smooth water, who, with tight fitting trousers and daintily coloured gloves, promenaded, with killing intent, again and again the length of the brilliant saloon. Surely he had assurance enough to have kept any man from getting sea sick. Sea sick—so harmless a one sea sick! But the biter had been bit. He had a swell to contend with in earnest. No diamond pin or studs of gold could rival it. The heavy swell of the Atlantic rolled on its way with irresistible effect, and our swell of the shore was in a deplorable state. He was vanquished, subdued. Ah! it was well the fair Jane or Mary could not have got a sight of him. What if the gay fairies of the ball room, to whom he had whispered so many brave things and bold things, could have seen him

then as he clutched the friendly belaying pin, and, with agonized face and rolling eyes, cursed the folly that had tempted him to take the "twip." Was it sarcasm that tempted the "owid" waiter to say to him so politely, "Dinner, sir?" He answers with a horrid shudder. When he returns home again, and in off-hand manner tells of the scenes of his adventures, let him remember that one scene on the night, when he leaned over the side and gazed so long at the deep blue sea. The vessel plunged and pitched. The majority of the passengers were sea-sick, and the moans of the sufferers were heard from every quarter. Rich and poor, high and low, all levelled by a common misery. Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism were sea-sick. Methodism and Roman Catholicism groaned in concert. Hard Shell Baptists and Soft Shell Baptists stumbled over one another, and stood side by side as they acknowledged the agency of a common water. Night came on dark and stormy, and so thick was the fog that it was necessary to sound the fog whistle every few minutes. The vessel creaked and groaned in every joint, and so continued until daylight next morning, which only revealed the fog as thick as ever. The steamer went at half speed, and at eleven o'clock was thought to be near Eastport, but, to tell the truth, no one knew where she was, and, indeed, it would have been surprising if they could, for not half the vessels length could be seen on either side. But that the shore was near was proved by sounding; how near, or what part of it, was the mystery. The steamer was stopped and well she was, for the fog lifting a little, the spray was discovered dashing over sunken rocks not two-hundred yards ahead. A boat was then lowered and sent ashore, and the situation of the vessel ascertained.

The course was altered, and very soon after the wind changed, the fog was blown away, and Eastport could be seen ahead. The scenery, as the steamer sailed into the harbor, was very beautiful. On the right was the British Island of Campo Bello, and the spot was pointed out where the Fenian Killian so gallantly attacked five undefended

houses and actually tore down a flag. The people yet remember with anything but pleasure "the time the Fenians were in Eastport." A short stay was made at Eastport, and the steamer again went on for St. John. The evening was now lovely, and the sea much smoother, and the sufferers fast recovering themselves and their spirits. The sun was warm and bright, and the exhilarating sea breeze could be enjoyed with great delight. The passengers again turned out in full force, and cheerily sailed the craft. About ten o'clock St. John was reached, where a change was made to the steamer "Empress," and in a short time she sailed for Windsor, Nova Scotia. The passage from St. John to Windsor is across the Bay of Fundy, and the scenery on entering the river Avon, near the mouth of which is Windsor, has to be seen to be fully appreciated.

NOVA SCOTIA.

It is to be regretted that so little is known of the people and provinces now united with us in a grand Confederation, but it is to be hoped that one of the *immediate* results of the great Union will be a better knowledge of the generous people and splendid country of our new formed relations. This can only be attained by association, conversation, and personal observation. Having arrived at St. John at so late an hour, little was seen of it in the hurried drive from one wharf to another, and, the passage from that place to Windsor being during the night, the first glimpse of the Nova Scotian shore was obtained at daylight, as Saturday morning, the 29th of June, dawned, and at that time the steamer was then entering the channel of the river Avon. The scene that greeted us was indeed beautiful, and the first sight of Nova Scotia was charming and admirable, as it appeared on the lovely summer morning. As further progress was made up the river, the village of Passborough was seen, and very pretty and cheerful it looked. On either side of the river were a number of ships on the stocks, some finished; others being built gave evidence of a ship-building country. We

were passing through King's County, the garden of Nova Scotia—and well worthy of such a name did the luxuriant foliage and verdant fields appear. The land was rich and rolling, and as fine for agricultural purposes as any in the Dominion. Exclamations of surprise and delight were freely given vent to by the Montreal visitors, and they were indeed surprised at seeing so fine a country, finer than any that had ever been seen in Canada by many on board. There is no scenery in any part of Canada above Montreal to equal that witnessed on the way to Windsor.

At nine o'clock, Windsor was reached, and from this place to Halifax, the journey is made by the Nova Scotian Railway. As the train did not start for two hours, plenty of time was allowed to view the place. A very striking feature at once noticed was the healthy look and ruddy complexions of the people of the town. The sun, the salt water, and the invigorating breeze from the briny waters, had done this, and very strong and healthy they were. Windsor has a large hotel, the Clifton House by name, and a weekly paper, well conducted and printed.

FROM WINDSOR TO HALIFAX.

At eleven o'clock, the train was ready, and, with the customary "all aboard" from the conductor, started for Halifax. The cars were new and elegant, and the road well laid, as was made plain from the smooth running of the cars over the rails. Here was another agreeable surprise. None had expected so well conducted or such splendid accommodation on any railroad in this part of the province. It is doubtful whether many knew of a railroad being there at all. They had, however, ocular demonstration to assure them of the fact. As the train went on, the beautiful country again opened out, and, noticing my earnest gaze, a gentleman from Halifax sitting next to me said, "A beautiful country, sir; as fine a country as there is in the province." And so it was. The rolling land to right and left for farming purposes could not be excelled or equalled, and any farmer in either Lower

or Upper Canada would open his eyes to see it. No wonder the Yankee sitting yonder shifts about uneasily, and mutters "enterprise," unwittingly perhaps. Yes, it is a fit subject of envy for you, brother Jonathan, with all your declarations that you wouldn't have Canada if you got it in a present. But you will never have Canada. First learn to govern the *united* country you have got at present, before you talk of obtaining new territory. You snapped asunder the Reciprocity Treaty like a spoiled child cries for it doesn't know what, and then you cry because you cannot get it back again. You may get a Reciprocity Treaty if you behave yourself, brother Jonathan, but you will never have the Dominion of Canada. Canadians are not fond of tipping tailors as representatives of their intelligence or institutions. The train runs swiftly and smoothly on. "A fine country, sir," again says my friend. "Indeed it is a most beautiful farming country." "Not only a farming country, but a mineral country too," and, pointing to a heap of light colored stones, he said that was the Plaster-stone, from which the finest plaster of Paris is made, and in inexhaustible quantities. The exporting of this material is a very large trade. For ten miles the farming land was good, after that the country became more wild and thickly wooded, but well watered. Quarries were pointed out as busily worked, and rich in material. Lake after lake was passed in rapid succession. No sooner was one out of sight than another appeared. Some small, others larger, making a beautiful view, and giving proof of a rare water privilege. Close to the shore bobbed the floats of the fishermen's nets, and situated here and there in a glen or valley, were rustic-looking houses, the summer residences of some of the Halifax people. Now and then a saw-mill was passed busily at work. One was worked by a settlement of Germans who had built it, and were doing well, as their enterprise deserved. A large lake was reached, and running along its banks the station of Halifax came in sight, and shortly afterwards the train stopped, the passengers disembarked, and the excur-

sionists were in Halifax, destined to be the great outlet for the grain, lumber, and produce of the Dominion. The horse-railway cars were in waiting, and, taking a seat in one of them, the travellers were soon at a comfortable hotel, ready for dinner after the delightful journey of the morning. The breeze of the salt water is a capital incentive to a good appetite.

THE PASSENGERS.

Among the passengers from Portland to Halifax, were the Hon. Dr. Tupper, who was hurrying home to be present at the last meeting of the Nova Scotia government, held this afternoon, 29th June. Father Chiniquy, Rev. Dr. Lachlin Taylor, A. W. Ogilvie, Esq., and many others from Montreal and other cities. Mr. Livingstone of the *Morning Telegraph*, and Mr. Parkyns, *Morning Journal*, St. John were also returning home from a visit to Montreal and Ottawa. Both have been very favourably impressed with the wealth and importance of Montreal, and were but of the one opinion, that it should be the seat of Government, although they expressed much admiration at the magnificence of the Parliament Buildings. But Ottawa was out of the way. That is the general opinion here. It was entirely through the exertions of Dr. Tupper that we arrived here to-day (Saturday), as the American boat, on account of the fog, was much behind time, and the steamer from St. John to Windsor would not have waited for her had not Dr. Tupper telegraphed from Eastport, requesting her to be kept until our arrival. By his exertions a special train was at Windsor for Halifax, and thus were the excursionists enabled to be in Halifax for the celebration of the first. Every kindness has been paid the Montrealers by the honorable gentleman and his family, and he will soon be as great a favourite in Canada as he is here. Great preparations are being made for the proper observance of Monday the first. The political feeling is high on both sides, and nothing is talked of from morning to night but Confederation and its results. The Anti-Confederates, with Howe at their head, declare the country

will be ruined, the people burdened with taxes, and, in fact, talk as if the people of Canada were coming to overrun their country and gobble them up. We shall be ruined by taxation for railways, cry the *antis*, to build an Intercolonial road, that will bring the produce of the Canadas into our market. The Canadians will send down their flour, butter, cheese and everything, and undersell us. Canada is bankrupt; and they almost tear their hair while Howe talks treason and makes an ass of himself. But, on the other hand, the Confederates are enthusiastic, energetic and have but one desire, and that is to "have the Intercolonial Railway built at once." The Intercolonial Railway is a necessity. Then will Nova Scotia and New Brunswick be connected with Montreal and Western Canada, and be reached directly, not as at present *via* Portland, with half a dozen changes on the way. The Intercolonial Railway should be built at once. The *Anti's* cry that Canadian produce will flow in upon them to the destruction of their market. That is foolish, childish. Who can pay freight for produce 4, 5, 6, or 800 miles and undersell a market on the spot. The Upper Canadians cry, "Give us an outlet for our grain, our lumber, and our produce. One that is open all the year round." Build the International Railway, and you have a harbor at Halifax and St. John open all the year round, and large enough to contain all the merchant vessels of Great Britain. The Confederates say: "We have plenty of coal and iron, and that is what you want in Canada. Open a trade with us, and you will have all the coal and iron that you want. We will be the outlet for your enormous trade, and in return send you back our coal and iron." And they are right. The coal and iron is here, but no way have they got to send it into Canada. Canada gets her coal from the States. Let a trade be established, and the coal can be had from Nova Scotia. The coal mines near New Glasgow, some distance from Halifax, are in active operation, and in extent but little known in Quebec or Ontario. A full description of them will duly be forwarded. In the meantime, preparations are being made

for a grand observance of the birthday of the New Dominion, and if the weather is only fine, a day of much joy and rejoicing may be relied on.

CONFEDERATION DAY IN HALIFAX—CITY HANDSOMELY DECORATED—
GREAT REJOICINGS—THE REVIEW—PROCESSION—FIREWORKS.

Halifax, July 2, 1867.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Antis, and all the opposition that narrow minds and ignorance could prompt them to offer, the celebration of the 1st of July in Halifax was a grand success, and the enthusiasm not to be exceeded in any city in the Dominion. Antiism received its death-blow, and a principle was fought for and won in a manner worthy the gallant efforts of the enlightened community. It was only a few days before that it was determined to have a day of rejoicing on a large scale, and from the time preparations began to the very latest hour possible, every effort was made by the Antis to impede a celebration, if not to prevent one. The means they resorted to, and their conduct on that day, were as despicable as they were unworthy of men living in an enlightened nineteenth century. Displaying none of that dignity that makes a foe worthy of the steel, or displaying the possession of intelligence, they descended to actions that brought upon their party the scorn and contempt of every man of mind and principle. In evincing their petty spite and malice, their conduct was actually childish and imbecile. Men threatened to discharge their employes if they took part in the celebration; other Antis hoisted their flags half-mast high, and the *Morning Chronicle* and *Acadian Reporter* were published in deep mourning. Such conduct from the press will display to the people of Montreal and Canada, who are accustomed to the keenest contests, and to bear defeat with manly dignity, the minds possessed by the editors of the newspapers of this party, and what great knowledge they possess of the noble and liberal principles that constitute the power of the press. But from the closest

observation, I have found this to be an established fact. The Confederates or Unionists represent the men of broad views, and who are anxious to develop the country. The Antis are the narrow-minded and antiquated specimens of a by-gone century. They say, "We are getting on fast enough, let us alone." They dread the idea of coming in contact with the vast population of Canada, and shudder when they think of the thousands that will overrun their country when the Intercolonial Railway is built. They are fifty years behind the age in the city, and in the country they are at least a century. They are the same men who, when railways were to be built, cried out "to give them no coaches on rails to kill them in thousands." It was the Antis of that age who travelled by coach because their fathers had done so before them, when they could have gone by rail twice the distance in half the time, and at half the expense. It was the Antis of that age who threatened to put to death the man, unless he recanted, who said the world was round when *they thought* it was flat. It was the Antis who hooted at the idea of a circulation of the blood, and it is the Antis of to-day in Nova Scotia who are opposed to the grand scheme of Confederation. There are one or two who are intelligent enough to be ashamed to use the absurd arguments of one class of Antis, and say the Government tricked them into it and the people were not consulted. Others are Antis, and their numbers are not few, who are so because they are Annexationists at heart. Others are so because they think it a great display of ability always to be in opposition. But I can say, from my own careful observation, that the majority of the Antis are so *from a horror of having their country opened up*, and from an innate stupidity and cupidity peculiar to a certain class of people. These are the people the Confederates of Halifax have had to fight against. Is it any wonder that Anti's presuming to edit two newspapers should act in a childish manner? You cannot get sense from a blockhead, nor anything but a grunt from a certain animal. Is it any wonder that Anti's should hoist flags half-mast high,

open their stores, put mourning on their buildings, and have certain papers to applaud and lead them? But the victory of intelligence, of enterprise, and of loyalty was very great, and never did Halifax look so gay and jubilant as it did on the day it celebrated the birth of the New Dominion. The sun shone brightly from the time of its rising, and the day was as lovely as the most enthusiastic Unionist could desire. From an early hour in the morning until sunrise, cannon and guns were fired in every direction, awakening the people and bidding them prepare to welcome the day. The scene on going into the streets was very animating and brilliant. It was a Gala Day.

DECORATIONS, MOTTOES, &c., &c.

From every window, except of course, the establishments of the Antis, hung a flag, from the tiniest Union Jack to the largest St. George's banner, trailing two stories in length. Every flag that could be procured was in requisition, and several gentlemen expended large sums of money in procuring bunting for the occasion. Across the principal streets at short distances, were slung banners, garlands, mottoes, and streamers. The garlands were made from real or imitation flowers, and were a pretty relief to the dazzling brilliancy of the Union Jacks.

The "Royal Alfred," "Cygnet," other men-of-war, and merchants vessels in the harbour were decked from stem to stern, and high on the citadel a similar display of flags was made. The wind blew, the flags waved, and the sight was very beautiful. The mottoes were handsomely got up, and expressive. In one place bearing the words:—

The Dream of my Boyhood—British Connexion—Union ! Union ! Union !—Our Candidates for Dominion : S. L. Shannon, John Tobin, P. C. Hill, Stephen Tobin, George McLeod—*An united British America under the flag of 1,000 years.* "God Save the Queen." In another:—

Union !—British America—Ontario—Quebec—Nova Scotia—New Brunswick—British Connexion—"God Save the Queen."

Free Trade—One Union—One Tariff—One Post-office—One Custom House—God Speed the Union—We Greet the New Dominion—and many others as appropriate and numerous.

Crowds were promenading the streets from an early hour, and friends meeting heartily shook hands, and called one another "Canucks." "We are all Canadians now," one would say, and with as great cordiality would the response be "Yes, it is as it ought to be." "We are united at last."

THE ADDRESS.

At nine o'clock, after services had been held in the principal churches, a very beautiful and eloquent address was delivered to an immense audience by the Mayor, Dr. Richy, from a stand on the Grand Parade. The speaker was surrounded by members of the Government, and influential citizens. Upper Canada was represented by the Rev. Dr. Lachlan Taylor, and the Rev. Mr. Stevenson. After the address, cheers were given for the Queen, the New Dominion, and the speaker.

GRAND PROCESSION.

Immediately at the conclusion of the address, the Trades' Unions procession was formed, and with three bands of music, marched through the streets of the city. The procession was long and imposing, the men of the different trades being all in working costume, and with the tools peculiar to each trade, were busily at work as the procession moved through the streets. Each trade had the workers on waggons, drawn by four or six horses, and both horses and waggons handsomely decorated. The Blacksmiths, for instance, had a forge and bellows at work, mounted on a large waggon drawn by six horses, covered with evergreens, flowers and flags, and as they passed the bellows was blowing, and the fire burning to the merry clink of the anvil. The Bakers, also, had their machinery; a patent cutter for moulding biscuits was at work, and an oven in full blast, to finish the biscuits as soon as made. All the other trades

were represented in one way or another. The following was the order of procession:—Grand Marshal—Band—Stonecutters and Bricklayers—Masons—Mason's car—Plasterers—Joiners and Carpenters—Tobacco Manufacturers' car—Tobacco Manufacturers—Bread car—Ship Carpenters and Caulkers—Quarry Men—Fishermen's Boat—Fishermen—Band—Steam-engine car—Boiler-maker's car—Blacksmith's car—Tradesmen—Moulder's car—Stonecutters' car—Machinist's car—Stone car—Tradesmen—Bread car—Band—Citizens—Mayor and Corporation—Clergymen and other Professional Men—Members of the Local Legislature—The Government—Senators of the Dominion—Cavalcade.

The streets were crowded to watch the procession. Excursion trains were in the meantime coming in from the country, bringing numbers of excursionists to view the proceedings.

At ten o'clock a salute was thundered forth from the Naval Brigade.

THE REVIEW.

At eleven o'clock, the streets leading to the Common were filled with people, making their way to witness the Grand Review. The Common is a very large flat square behind the Citadel, and very suitable for the purpose it was now used for. The troops were drawn up in line on arriving at the ground. On the left were the Naval Brigade; the Jack Tars in their white summer uniform, contrasting pleasingly with the long line of red coats. Next were the Royal Engineers, the 4th Regiment, (King's Own), then the 47th Regiment, and on the right the Royal Marines. At eleven o'clock the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, arrived on the ground, accompanied by a brilliant staff, and the Review began. The troops marched past in slow and quick time, in companies and columns, and then at the double. There was no firing. At the conclusion of the Review, three cheers were given by the troops for the New Dominion. The Regiments then marched off the ground, headed by their bands, and the spectators separated to amuse

themselves until three o'clock when the Athletic games were to commence. These were :—

1. Climbing Greasy Pole ; 2. Flat Race, (one hundred yards) ; 3. Putting the Shot, (24 lbs.) ; 4. Running Leap ; 5. Quarter Mile Race ; 6. Sack Race, (fifty yards) ; 7. Running High Leap ; 8. Flat Race, (half-a-mile) ; 9. Hop, Step and Leap ; 10. Carrying Buckets of Water on head.

The heat was too great to admit of much pleasure in witnessing them.

THE ILLUMINATIONS, FIREMEN, AND FIREWORKS.

As darkness came on so did the streets fill to witness the fireworks, illuminations, and torchlight procession of the firemen. The Lunatic Asylum on the Dartmouth shore was brilliantly illuminated, and with its myriad of lights presented a beautiful appearance, as also did the Provincial Buildings, and the Halifax Hotel, the latter having a large and tasteful representation, presenting an effective appearance when illuminated at night. The residence of the Archbishop (Episcopal) was beautifully illuminated, and the inscriptions on the transparencies, were particularly appropriate and forcible. They are well worthy to be remembered, and were as follows :—

“ To-day we open a Continent, make two Oceans meet, and must soon become connected with thirty thousand miles of Railroad.”

“ To-day Union makes a Dominion of a Province. Enlarges our Country. Dignifies our Manhood. Expands our sympathy. Links us with thirty-five hundred thousand fellow subjects in our own land, and five millions of human beings north of Panama. God save the Queen.”

“ Halifax—Yesterday, a Provincial Town : To-day, a Continental City. With its boundless tributaries all the way from the Pacific, Halifax must soon become the Liverpool of British America.”

Space will not permit a detailed account of the splendid appearance of the firemen, with their steam fire engines,

(steam up), hand engines, and hose-reels, and large and well arranged torches of wick and oil, in tin vessels for the purpose. As they passed, the steam engines hissed and glittered, the bells of the beautifully ornamented hose-reels rang cheerily, the men in their neat uniforms of red jackets and black trousers cheered lustily, and the people cheered, and it was certainly very fine and successful. From Dartmouth across the magnificent harbour rockets hissed, and bon-fires blazed. From the illuminated Asylum, from the Grand Parade, from the Citadel, and many other places, rockets rushed up with a hoarse roar, leaving a train of fire behind them, and mounting high into the air, exploded, falling in beautiful showers of many colored stars. At times three and four would shoot up, from the different places, and crossing, burst, with exclamations of delight, from the multitudes swarming the house-tops and spots commanding a good view. For a long time this continued, but at length the last rocket exploded, the bonfires were extinguished, as were the Antis, and Halifax once more resumed its quiet, after having celebrated a day long to be remembered in history, and in a manner creditable to the party representing the intelligence and enterprise of the Province—the Confederates.

FROM HALIFAX TO NEW GLASGOW.

Next morning, taking passage in the Nova Scotia Railway cars, and very handsome ones they are too, after an exceedingly interesting journey by rail, through a very fine country, I arrived at New Glasgow, the hot-bed of Anti-ism, and two miles from the coal mines of Nova Scotia. To visit the mines was my intention, and another letter must give a description of these immense enterprises, and beds of coal, with the means of transport to Canada,—a source of unlimited wealth to the Province.

THE COAL MINES OF NOVA SCOTIA.—AN EXTERNAL VIEW OF THE
ALBION MINES.—CAPABILITY OF SUPPLY.

NEW GLASGOW, 4th July, 1867.

But little is comparatively known in Canada of the immense quantities of coal, and the extensive nature of the operations carried on, in this portion of the Dominion, once a separate government. The coal is of superior quality and in inexhaustible quantities ; and the more vigorously these collieries are worked the greater does the supply appear, and a short account of the principal mines will give some idea of the magnitude of the supply and the extensive nature of the works. It may be well to state here that the principal localities in which coal mining is pursued are the Counties of Cumberland and Pictou, and the Island of Cape Breton. Beginning at the North-West, in the County of Cumberland, there are the Joggin's Colliery, the Victoria, Laurence, Macan, Chiegnects and St. George's Collieries. In the County of Pictou, there are the Albion, the Acadia, the Nova Scotia, the Bear Creek, the German and the Montreal and Pictou mines. In the Island of Cape Breton, there are nineteen collieries more or less vigorously worked, but all rich in the valuable substance. These collieries extend over a large tract of land, and it must be remembered that some of these collieries have more than one shaft. This in itself will give an idea of the supply Nova Scotia can afford the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario of a substance so much needed, and, from want of sufficient transport, which has never reached their markets in paying quantities. A line of steamers from Pictou to Montreal direct is one of the enterprises about to start under Confederation, and no doubt ere long Nova Scotia will furnish the Western Provinces with coal at prices to monopolize the market. The material is here in any quantity—transport is wanted.

On arriving at New Glasgow, distant from Halifax ninety miles, and from Pictou ten, the coal district of the County of

Pictou is close at hand, and the most extensive colliery being the Albion mines, distant only two miles, they will be the first visited.

THE ALBION MINES.

These mines are worked and owned by the General Mining Association, representing British capital, and having been in operation for several years, a large quantity of coal has been taken from the mines. The extraordinary thickness of the beds of coal at these collieries have made them notorious, the number as well as the size of the seams being unparalleled. The average thickness of the main seam is stated to be 38 feet. About 12 feet only of the upper part of the seam is worked, the lower portion being considered inferior in quality at present.

On approaching the mines from New Glasgow, the roads become gradually covered with the coal dust, making them quite black, and telling of an approach to the mines now close at hand. The neat brick houses, the offices of the company, are soon reached, and, stating an intention to Mr Hudson, the manager, of visiting the mines, a man is called and despatched to act as chaperone, and give the many explanations so necessary. The first pit that is visited is the Cage pit, there being three others beside, and here are pointed out the immense "banks" of coal which would take three months to exhaust, shipping at the rate of 2,400 tons a day. This is the reserve stock of coal taken out in winter to be shipped in summer. The engine houses are next visited, and here are the engines for drawing up the boxes of coal from the pit, the shaft or entrance to which is seen not far distant, and close at hand is another engine for pumping the water out of the mines. The interior of the engine houses, white and clean, is in great contrast to the mass of black outside, and with which everything is coated. The "rapper" is also in the engine house, and is used by the men in ascending and descending the shaft to slow or stop the engine—much after the manner in which the steamboat bells are rung. The "rapper" is connected with the bottom

of the shaft by a wire pulley. A board containing the regulations of the "rapper" is in each engine house, and to this effect :

- 1 Rap—Coals on.
- 2 Raps—Shut down.
- 1 Rap (following the two raps)—Hold.

In this way communication is had with the driver of the engine from the pit far below ; and, in case of accident, the cage is at once hoisted by giving the proper signals. From the engine house the two pumps for taking the water out of the colliery is seen steadily doing their work, Sunday and Saturday, from one week's end to another, day and night. At every stroke twenty gallons of water is taken out by each pump. The steam is supplied to the different engines by a number of boilers, and the hissing steam, high chimneys, emitting volumes of black smoke, the clash of the engines, and general activity, certainly look very like work. From the engine house the shaft of the cage pit is reached, and soon we are standing at the narrow aperture, the means of ingress and exit for the hundreds of human beings deep in the earth below. This is a short shaft, being only 300 feet deep. At the mouth was the "cage," the passenger-car up and down for the coal-blackened miners. Leaving the shaft, hundreds of large waggons are noticed waiting on the lines of rail to be loaded from the shaft and taken to the "screen" to deposit their load in another waggon below, the coal being sifted as it passes through the screen, and the large pieces separated from the small. The screen itself is a grating of huge size, slanting to the ground, and through this the coals are screened. Surrounding the pit are the blacksmith's shops, carpenters shops, and a small building of brick is the magazine.

DISPOSAL OF THE COAL.

The coal, after being detached from the seam, is shovelled into boxes, and drawn by horses to the bottom of the shaft. By using the "rapper," the "box" is raised to the top, and on arriving there is emptied into one of the waggons men-

tioned before as in waiting. A box contains about one ton of coal. The waggon into which the coal is emptied is then taken on rails to the "bank," where it is deposited, and from the end of the bank nearest the screen the coal is taken in another waggon to the screen itself, where it is sifted into two cars, the large pieces falling into one car, and the smaller ones into another. The waggons are then taken on the company's railway to the "loading ground," at Pictou harbour, about nine miles distant. From the loading ground the coal is taken to any part of the world thought the best market.

EXTENT OF OPERATIONS

Around each pit is a small village, composed of the houses of the miners, the tool shops and other buildings necessary. The Albion Mines Company employ a large number of men, boys and horses, in one pit alone thirty horses being employed, and many of which since their descent into the regions of darkness have never caught a glimpse of daylight. The following table will give the correct number of men, boys, and horses employed:—

Number of men employed in pits - - -	348
Do. boys do. do. - - -	92
Number of men employed on surface- -	248
Do. boys do. do. - -	28
	<hr/>
Total - - - - -	716
	<hr/>
Horses - - - - -	310

It will be seen from the above that this company alone give employment to 716 men and boys, and no less than 310 horses. The company grant their houses and fuel free to the miners, a nominal charge being made for the drawing of the coal. The company have also a well-built railway from the pits to the "loading ground," 10 miles distant. The locomotives are of the old country build, and are very powerful. The number of waggons is also very large, and the rolling stock is in first-class repair.

CAPABILITIES OF SUPPLY.

As an instance of the richness of the mines, the company can supply from the pits 1000 tons daily, and ship every day during summer, if necessary, 2400 tons. This can be accomplished by the "reserve stock or banks" of the coal taken up during the winter season. Three new pits are now being sunk to a depth of 900 feet. This will increase the capability of supply to double what it is at present. This brief account will serve as an external view of one of the mines. A visit to the regions underground will require another letter.

DESCENT INTO THE DALHOUSIE PIT.

THREE HUNDRED FEET UNDERGROUND.

NEW GLASGOW, 12th July, 1867.

To visit New Glasgow without going to the coal mines, or being at the mines without descending into one of the pits, is to go to Niagara without viewing the falls. In my last letter, I gave a brief description of the external appearance and working of one or two of the Albion Mines collieries, the property of the General Mining Association. As they are the largest mines, and the works having been carried on for a long period, the shafts are deeper, and the galleries much larger and longer, than those of any other of the collieries. Immense quantities of coal have been taken from these mines, and shipped to the United States, before the snapping asunder of the Reciprocity Treaty in the manner which has immortalized Jonathan as the possessor of a magnanimity only to be equalled by the wooden ham and nutmeg propensities of the Puritan New England States. But the supply of coal is inexhaustible, as far as present researches prove, and a market in Canada is now eagerly looked for, as a result of the uniting of the Provinces. On arriving at the comfortable offices of the company, and stating an intention of descending into one of the pits, an

order was at once given by the obliging and gentlemanly manager, Mr. Hudson, to one of the "Underviewers" or superintendents underground, with instruction to "take bearer and friends down a pit," and offer all necessary explanations. The shaft chosen for descent was the one leading to the famous Dalhousie pit, where a good view could be obtained of the great seam of coal, thirty-eight feet in depth. Under the care of Mr. Hall, the "underviewer," light clothing is at once doffed, and a large black coat and cap put on, and receiving a lamp, way is made to the mouth of the shaft, where hangs the cage ready to take us down to the depths of darkness below. Crouching down in the cage, and being told to keep hands off from the sides, a gentle reminder is given that you are now suspended over a height of three hundred feet, by the tiny little black rope above, and very thin and small it does look certainly; the rapper gives the signal "lower," and the sensation is realized of sinking swiftly into a darkness almost painful in its first effects. Down, down we go. Daylight is seen shining above through the narrow shaft like a bright half-crown, while the dripping of water, and the rapidly changing temperature, produce sensations never before experienced. With a gentle thud, the cage is at the bottom of the shaft amid darkness impossible to describe. Being led to a seat, a rest is taken, in order to allow the eye to get accustomed to the change, for the dwellers upon earth are as blind as bats. The miners are quite accustomed to the change, and can see a wonderful distance in the darkness. Three hundred feet from the surface of the earth! The darkness is remarkable in its first sensations, heavy and oppressive, apparently rolling and tumbling about, it is almost painful to the dweller in light and sunshine. The darkest night on *terra firma* is bright compared to it. The change to the scene below is sudden and confusing. The darkness, the sensations of blindness, the shouts of the crowds of boys driving the horses dragging the coal from the galleries, the noise of the horses rattling over the rails, the snorting of the horses, the clanging of the

cage as it rushes down with an empty box or ascends with a loaded one, the glimmering of the numerous lights stuck in the caps of the miners moving quickly about, and which are now distinguishable, create impressions akin to awe and helplessness. A bright light approaches near your face, and from out of the darkness a cheery voice exclaims, "Well, gentlemen, what do you think of our house?" "Wait till we can see, and then we will tell you." "Oh!" replies the spirit of darkness, "wait awhile and the eye will soon get accustomed to it." "But who are you?" cry we; "you are as black as the very darkness itself." Ha! ha! ha! laughs the spirit, "I am John Douglas, the overman, come to go round with you. We can't keep our faces clean here, as you will find out." Slowly our eyes got accustomed to the darkness, and amid the glare of the darting lights, dark figures could be distinguished stalking about, seeming parts of the darkness itself. Gradually the horses could be distinguished, and, lighting our lamps, friend Hall exclaims, "Now, follow me, and we will go along the bords and see the men at work." The bords are the passages cut in every direction through the solid coal. Some of the bords are of great length, reaching over a mile and a half, following the seams of coal, and, in the Dalhousie pit, are unusually high and roomy. The one we now passed through was in one place 38 to 40 feet in height, and, as the eye got accustomed to the darkness, on looking up, the jagged peaks of the roof above could be distinguished frowning black and dark on the party with lights below. If anything could represent the nature of the regions infernal, according to the ideas entertained of them in the present day, the present scene would most nearly approach them. As the eye tried to pierce the thick heavy darkness above, it was easy to experience how repulsive such darkness was to the human mind. It was here the whole depth of the great seam of coal could be seen black and shining, slanting away high into the darkness above. This was the grand gallery, and a good idea could be entertained of the immense supply of coal this one seam alone could

furnish. The bords are worked in "tacks" to the right and left alternately, at equal distances. Proceeding on, the passage became steeper and narrower, and it was necessary to step aside frequently to allow a "box" filled with coal from the working ground to rush past, driven by a young looking imp with a black face and shining eyes, with a lamp flaring from his cap, who, as he passed, was shouting most lustily to warn returning boxes of his approach. The ground, or rather coal, we walked on was wet and full of holes, containing the water which trickled from the sides, and fell in heavy black drops from above, and the unexperienced passengers had the delightful satisfaction of wading ankle deep into one of the many black holes. "Keep well to the left," cries our guide, as he heard the splashing of our feet in the water, "we will soon be on drier ground." Groping, staggering, now rubbing close against the shining side as another box came rushing past, and then plunging boldly on, only to wade into another pool, there was nothing for it but to hold on to the flaming lamp, hardly lighting a foot ahead, and trust to luck for a dry footing. Three hundred feet underground, and fast penetrating deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. Far above our heads, on the surface, were the cottages of the miners, the trees, and the bright sun shining cheerily. It was hard to realise that it was so indeed. We now reached one of the doors for ventilating the pit. At this door stands another imp, whose duty it is to attend the door from morning to night, and see that it is immediately shut on any one passing through. On the proper performance of this duty often the lives of all the workers in the pit depend. For let a current of gas once rush in or out and meet the light, and the consequences will be an explosion, so often read of as occurring in the collieries of the old country. It was from the inattention of the door-keeper that an accident lately occurred in one of the largest pits in the north of England, in which over fifty lives were lost. But the blackened imp seemed to be fully aware of the responsibility devolving upon him, for no sooner had we got through than the door was quickly closed with a slam.

MINERS AT WORK.

The air was now closer, and in less quantity, and the breathing a trifle more difficult, but the ground was dry, and the sight better, and every one felt more comfortable. In the distance, shining the size of pins' heads, were 15 or 20 lamps of the miners at work. Upon arriving at the spot, the miners could be seen, busy with picks and crowbars, dislodging the coal from the seam. The men work in every position, and the labour is very hard. Some are beginning at the seam, and have the easy work of picking while standing. Others, who have worked further into the seam, have made a passage for themselves, and are lying on their sides, others on the flat of their backs, or on their hands and knees. One miner was busy at work high in the gallery above the arch; he had dug a large hole for himself, and, as we looked at him, was lying on his side, the whole weight of the pick falling on his arms. When they have penetrated a certain distance, a hole is drilled, and a blast made, detaching the coal in large pieces, which roll to the floor, and are broken before being put in the boxes. It is from the holes and seams that the dreaded gasses escape, carrying death and destruction with them; but, fortunately, the mines of Nova Scotia are comparatively free from this danger, although in some places the greatest caution is necessary, and the Davy safety lamp is used. Venturing as high in the gallery as was prudent, a good view of the scene was obtained, and, upon regaining the floor, we returned by the same passage to the first crossing, where another bord runs into the one we now stood in. Here were a number of boxes waiting to run down to the shaft, and thundering up in the distance might be heard the empty boxes approaching. The decline to the shaft being steep, the boxes are held back by a chain, and thus the horses are protected from the heavily laden boxes behind them. We were now taken to the engine-room, a clean nicely plastered apartment, the white walls contrasting refreshingly with the blackness and darkness outside. The engine was a large and powerful one,

with two cylinders, and had been used for drawing the boxes up a steep incline from a distant seam not at present worked. Steam was furnished from the engine above ground by means of large iron pipes. Adjoining the engine-room was another comfortable looking apartment, known as the bar-room, and which had been put up on the occasion of the visit of his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, who was treated on his visit to the subterranean bar-room in a manner at once instancing the loyalty of the subjects of his beloved mother, although spending their hours of light and sunshine three hundred feet under ground. The miners yet speak of the visit of the Prince with much pleasure, and tell with great delight "that he even took a pick and dug a piece of coal himself." Long and interesting is the story they tell "of how the black sides of the mines were white-washed, and looked so white that you wouldn't know them." Traces of the whitening process are yet visible here and there through the darkness. The stables were next visited, where the horses are kept, and are composed of wide and roomy stalls, in good order and very clean. On the opposite side of the board are the pegs for hanging the harness, and adjoining the stables are kept the hay, oats and straw, which the horses eat with just as much satisfaction as their more enlightened quadruped brethren above. A large number of horses are employed in the mine, and many have never seen daylight for eight or ten years. They become quite accustomed to working in the dark, and are well cared for. A visit was then paid to another room, where the safety lamps are kept and material for mending harness, &c., &c. The safety lamps are the Davy and Clanney, very similar in construction, but different in action. The Clanney is considered the safest for a "greenhorn," or new hands, as a rush of gas will put it out, and the beginners are thus very remarkably warned. The Davy lamp, so well known and popular, is the best in the hands of experienced miners, who can tell from the burning of the gas within the wirework exactly how much and how dangerous is the gas they are surrounded with. Leav-

ing the store-room, we are again under the shaft, and so much has the sight improved that the evenly laid flags of the flooring can distinctly be distinguished. The ventilator is also seen, under which in winter a large fire is kept up, although the frost and snow above little affects the temperature so far below. The difference in the temperature from the warm summer's day above was 20 degrees on the colder side, and parties descending should be very careful not to do so in a heated state, as the consequences are anything but comfortable for the time being, and may be less so at a later period. The miners stated that many Canadian ladies had visited them below, and, although very timid, enjoyed their visit amazingly. Blowing out the lamps, we are once again in the cage, and upon asking the honest overman, who had accompanied us throughout with our attentive guide Hall, if we could do anything for him in Canada, he says, with a hearty shake of the hand, "Only take plenty of coal from us in Canada, and under this Confederation you will have to do it." "Send the coal to us, we want it badly enough in Canada. So you are all Confederates here." "Oh, yes; you can say you found Confederates 300 feet below the surface of the earth." "Yes, yes, that we will," and with a jerk the cage was rapidly ascending. A burst of bright light, a rush of warm fresh air, a dazzling of the eyes, and once again the blue sky is above, and the sun shines brightly around us. Douglas, the overman, was right; it was hard to keep the face clean below, and to call another worse than yourself would be for the pot to call the kettle black. Soap and water, kindly furnished us at the house of the interviewer, soon made us pale faces again, and, heartily thanking our kind guide again, the Dalhousie pit was left behind.

THE MINERS' HOUSES.

As stated before, the miners' houses are given to them rent free with the fuel, a nominal charge only being made for drawing. The houses of the miners are comfortable and clean looking, and are arranged in even order, many having

nice little gardens in front or beside them. The miners at present are paid according to the quantity of coal they extract, and the amount of pay to be received depends upon their own industry. They are all apparently very comfortable, and if not, it is entirely their own fault. Everything about the Albion mines is in good order, and gives evidence of a careful management. The roads leading to the different mines of the company are in particularly good order, and it would be well for those whose duty it is to keep the roads of the County of Pictou in good repair to take a leaf out of the company's books in this matter. The ashes and cinders of the coal are used in making the mines roads, and these materials being of a binding nature, the roads are made firm and dry, and keep so during wet weather. Another letter must be devoted to the Acadia and other mines.

COAL MINES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE ACADIA MINES—THE STELLAR COAL—THE INTERCOLONIAL MINES—THE ANTIS AND THE COAL TRADE.

NEW GLASGOW. 13th July, 1867.

THE ACADIA MINES.

These mines are adjoining the Albion collieries, and distant from New Glasgow two and a half miles. The mines are under the management of Mr. Jesse Hoyt, and are distinguished in the neighbourhood as the Hoyt Mines. There are two pits, the McGregor and the Acadia pits, both rich in the possession of a very superior quality of the black diamonds. The offices of the company are in the mines village, and are large and commodious, containing beautifully finished plans and maps of the seams of coal, their richness, and manner of working them. In the office are splendid samples of the coal taken from the Acadia, or Back Pit, and if the seams are only as profligate of such a quality of coal

as the specimens indicate, the mines are a very valuable property indeed, and it is beyond a doubt they are. The mines are two miles apart, and are being worked with average vigor. The seams of coal are from 12 to 20 feet in thickness, and reached by a slanting shaft, and very tiresome work it is to walk up and down so steep an incline. The explanation of the interior of a colliery in a previous letter will apply to this, and all other pits, although on a much smaller scale, for the bords are not high, and in some progress has to be made in a crouching position, or risk a severe knock on the head. The company have purchased the right of five miles of under surface, so their resources will be capable of yielding an enormous supply, should a demand necessitate it. The surface land is laid out in very convenient town lots, and the property has much increased in value since its purchase. Near to the McGregor mine the Nova Scotia Railway passes, and it will be little trouble or expense to run a branch line into it. The country is well cleared and flat.

THE STELLAR COAL.

The grand feature of these mines is their possessing the "Stellar Coal," from which a very valuable oil, giving a strong light, is manufactured. The oil is procured from retorts, the coal being subjected to a brisk fire, and yields one hundred and twenty gallons to the ton. An oil factory is established, and already a large quantity has found its way to a market, and is expected to be a source of future wealth. Five hundred tons of this coal have been forwarded to Scotland, and one hundred and twenty tons to the United States, and has been severely tested, the results proving highly satisfactory in both cases. The oil is well known by the name Albertite.

The houses of the miners, near the collieries, are large and well built, two being put up together, and at some distance two more, and so on, in order to guard against fire, should it occur. The company are proprietors of two farms, on which they cultivate hay, oats, &c., &c., for the use of their horses.

THE INTERCOLONIAL MINES,

Better known as the Montreal Company's Mines, so called from their representing Montreal capital, are five miles from New Glasgow, and two from the Albion mines. The collieries are comparatively new, although a shaft was sunk, but abandoned by a former company from want of capital. The present company intend to prosecute the enterprise with energy, and they have sunk a number of trial shafts, which have resulted in the discovery of a rich abundance of the very best quality of coal. What has been taken out from the present shaft has proved this. The company have the material in their possession for the amassing of much wealth, and they have also the means for carrying on the work on a very large scale. The seam from which the coal has heretofore been taken is $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, but it is confidently expected that other seams exist of a far greater richness. The property is being rapidly cleared, and a number of large comfortable dwellings are fast approaching a state of completion. As the observer stands at the mouth of the shaft and witnesses the scene of activity, the sharp crack of the carpenter's hammer busy at work strikes the ear, leaving a pleasing impression of life and activity. A railway will have to be built to the Pictou branch, or, if the company feel disposed, as with the Albion Mines Company, may build one of their own to a landing place in the Bay of Pictou. It is to be hoped that the Montreal Company will meet with the success their enterprise is deserving of, and be a great source of supply to the great markets that will, doubtless, spring up before long in both Quebec and Ontario. With such a supply of coal at the very mouth of the St. Lawrence, and so great a scarcity of the material in the Canadas, the means of transportation in sufficient quantities is only wanted to give us a supply of coal in quantity, and at a cheapness hitherto unknown in this country.

THE BEAR CREEK, NOVA SCOTIA, AND GERMAN MINES

Are not yet worked on so extensive a scale, but only require time and a demand as an incentive to increased operations.

THE ANTIS AND THE COAL TRADE.

The Antis say "you will never take coal from us, for you have never done so before." But this, like all the other arguments of the Antis, is as silly and stupid as they surely represent the narrow minds and dark days of past centuries. The return of the Government Inspector of Mines for Nova Scotia reports *a steady increase* in the coal trade with Canada in late years, and that too, with the small craft engaged in the trade; yet in the face of this the incredulous Antis stoutly persist in saying that a coal trade can never spring up in the Dominion. When I was at the office of Mr. Hudson, Albion Mines, he told me that the large steamer "Her Majesty" was at the company's loading ground taking in a return cargo of coal—and a goodly cargo she takes—and when I passed the "loading ground" I saw the steamer at the wharf taking in the cargo. I was uncertain whether to believe the Antis or my own eyes. I preferred to do the latter. Anti-ism is anything but truthful. Let vessels in numbers sufficient and of capable size be put in the coal trade, and let them flood this country with coal; the more the better. They can then afford to sell it cheap and monopolize the market. There is no coal in Canada; what we get is sold at a high price.

Cordwood is fast getting scarce, and in most of our cities is very high. The more coal that comes the cheaper it will be, and the greater will be its consumption. With no coal in Canada, and an inexhaustible supply at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the Antis, if they only send it in sufficient quantities, need not fear a demand. But the bright Antis say, "You can get coals cheaper from England and will take it from them." (It is necessary to tell Canadians that this argument, nonsensical as it is, is really used by the Antis.) They might as well tell the miner, who gets his coal for the price of the cartage, to pay two dollars a cord and buy wood, for he has to pay for the conveyance of the coal to his dwelling. If the miner gets a wheelbarrow full, the oftener will he have to return to the mine, and the more time will

he lose. But, if he takes a large waggon, a supply will be at once obtained that will last him for a long period. So it is with the coal trade. A few small sailing vessels, making long passages, have been engaged in the coal trade with Canada. A vessel of 100 tons cannot carry a cargo of coal at so cheap a rate, or in such quantity, as a vessel of 1,000 tons. But let numerous large vessels bring their thousands of tons of the needed coal to the Canadian market, and the Antis may rest assured as to the result. And that this will soon be done, is a certainty, for a new line of large and powerful steamers is about to be opened between Pictou, nine miles from the mines, and Montreal direct.

THE NEW LINE OF STEAMERS.

The first steamer arrived at Pictou about 18 days ago, and I had the pleasure of a careful inspection of the vessel, a day or two after her arrival. She is named the "Flamborough," and has been built at Sunderland, England, for the coal trade between Nova Scotia and Montreal, and is fitted out with steam winches and all the modern appliances for unloading quickly. The "Flamborough" is built of iron, and is a screw-steamer, the finest and best built on Canadian waters, and will carry a cargo of nearly 1000 tons of coal. On her return trip she will take other freight. Her arrival in Montreal may be daily expected with a heavy cargo of coal. Other vessels of a like capacity will quickly follow, and the 100 tons washing-tub craft with the Antis will be left in the cold shades of past days. When I told the Antis, who persisted a coal trade was an impossibility, that the first of a new and powerful line of steamers would soon arrive, they said: "Aye, she is coming like the good time for Nova Scotia with you Canadians. Just *wait until* the steamer does come, will you." The fine steamer has come. What do the Antis say to that? With those steamers good times will soon be revived, and the coal mines set in vigorous operation once again, or I will be quite willing to acknowledge the superior judgment of the

Antis. Mr. H. B. Higginson is agent for the steamers in Halifax.

MINES VILLAGE.

The mines village has sprung up in the vicinity of the collieries, and is a very superior place in intelligence and appearance to New Glasgow, and other villages of the same size. As compared to former days, the place is very quiet, the result of the stagnation in the coal trade. A pretty little Episcopal chapel, the only one in the district, stands in the village, and is well attended. A cricket club, formed by the young miners, is a source of amusement and healthy exercise, and in a match, lately played with the Pictou club, the miners were victors by a handsome number of runs. A number of shops of respectable size, well filled with assorted stocks, suit the varied tastes and fancies of the inhabitants. The train from Halifax to Pictou stops every trip at the mines village, which is a regular station, and a handsome station-house is being rapidly completed. The miners are hospitable and kind-hearted, and they are deserving of the plenty of work and good pay yet in store for them.

CITY OF HALIFAX — AND APPEARANCE — RAILWAYS — PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

HALIFAX, July 14.

"STANWICK" AND "DUSTER."

As I see by files of the *Evening Telegraph* which have reached me, that a certain correspondent, "Stanwick," and another, "Duster," have both discharged their vials of wrath at your correspondent, and seem to doubt my experience and capability of judging, I may be pardoned for a digression in order to assure both those gentlemen they need entertain no fear on either head. My intention is to faithfully and impartially describe the real appearance of the cities and places I visit, and the position that

parties really occupy—in other words, to tell the truth, however disagreeable it may be to the Antis, and very disagreeable it must be to the more intelligent of that class to have it so publicly brought before the people of Canada, who are their political associates, and the amount of intelligence possessed by the disunion party. As to my experience and capability of forming an opinion, I will tell those gentlemen that, having been brought up in the largest and most enterprising cities of Great Britain, and having travelled through a large portion of the great democracy called the United States, and of many other parts of the world, doubtless a far greater portion than either “Stanwick” or “Duster” have seen, I flatter myself I am in a better position to form a correct opinion than either of those indignant correspondents. “Stanwick” in his letter falls into an error common to all amateur writers, and very thoughtlessly, not to say impertinently, *presumes* to state that, coming in contact with Dr. Tupper on board of the steamer from Portland to St. John, has had some influence over my sentiments and assertions in regard to the treasonable utterances of Mr. Howe, the great anti-confederate. To set that gentleman at rest on that score, I may state that I did not speak more than a dozen words to the honourable gentleman on the passage, and not one word was spoken about politics. “Stanwick” is thus guilty of a presumption, the falseness of which is certainly very humiliating to one who would use the term “liar” as applied to Dr. Tupper. A little more *experience* in the rules of society and polite discussion would have saved “Stanwick” from the sorry exhibition he has made of himself as a critic.

CITY OF HALIFAX.

Returning from New Glasgow to Halifax, the passenger arrives at the depot of the Nova Scotia Railway. At the station awaits the Street Railway cars, which run through all the principal streets and past the hotels of the city ; and the visitor, without much baggage, for the small sum of seven

cents, can be taken to the door of the hotel he chooses without the annoyance of half a dozen cab-drivers quarrelling about him. The station is about two miles from the city. Halifax is truly a city of clap-board buildings, shingles and street railways. In many streets the railway track, being double, monopolizes the whole width of the street, and many is the carriage and cart that is at times placed in jeopardy ; but this rarely occurs. They run up the steepest ascents, and down steep inclines, but they are a great convenience, and, what is better, pay well, as the enterprising proprietor well deserves they should. The houses and many of the buildings are painted a sombre brown colour, giving the city a quaint appearance to one accustomed to cities of stone or brick. The private dwellings, whatever their appearance may be externally, are furnished within in the most handsome manner, and are very comfortable. It must not be supposed that there are no brick dwellings in the city ; on the contrary, there are many handsome brick structures ; and Granville street, the fashionable promenade, although a short street, contains some very large and commodious stores, well stocked with valuable goods in quantity and variety to suit the tastes of all the world and his wife. The Halifax people are very proud of their main street, and they have every reason to be so. The houses of Parliament are built of stone, and conveniently situated in the centre of the city. The Provincial buildings, recently erected, and close beside them, are also built of stone, having a very solid and substantial appearance. The Club-House is a very respectable building. The wharves are principally made of wood, and are regarded as private property ; the storehouses for the reception of consigned cargoes being built on them. The Horticultural Gardens are well worthy of a visit, and are kept in beautiful order. On driving into the city by the street-cars, the Wellington Barracks are very conspicuous, commodious, and well built ; they afford room for a large number of men. The hospitality of the Maritime Provinces is proverbial ; and, in this respect, Halifax, and St. John,

New Brunswick, are well worthy of so creditable a notoriety. One remarkable feature in Halifax is the decided British appearance, manner and language of its inhabitants, and it is to be sincerely hoped they will ever remain so. Immediately on entering Halifax, you are at once made aware of the fact, that you are in an English city. The young men are gentlemanly in their choice of language and manner ; much more so than is the case in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. How often do the youth of our cities take a seeming pride and delight in imitating our democratic neighbours of the United States, in choice of expression and pattern of dress? Mistaking a "loud" style of costume and a mouthful of Yankee slang for manliness and independence, they make sorry representatives of the Saxon and Celtic races it should be their pride to have descended from. In Halifax this is not so ; bronzed and healthy-looking, breathing the exhilarating breezes fresh from the Atlantic, the youth are manly and thoroughly British in every respect, and are true representatives of the land of their birth. And it would be an unpardonable omission to forget the lovely daughters of Halifax. Lady-like in appearance and refined in manner, fair and blooming in complexion, they are pretty in every sense of the word, and impress the stranger very forcibly as such. "Duster" should see them, and perhaps he would pardon me for calling the young ladies of his country "pale in complexion and sallow in appearance" as compared to them. Had he seen their pretty faces and elegant style of dress on the common at Halifax, as they assembled to witness the Review in honor of Confederation Day, he would be of the same opinion.

The harbour of Halifax is too well known as one of the finest in the continent of America to need any description. It is as open in winter as it is in summer, and, as to depth, suffice to say the "Great Eastern" found no difficulty in getting plenty of water, and had she been three times her size there would have been as little trouble. Halifax is beautifully situated, and one of the finest views to be enjoyed anywhere

can be had from the Citadel. The City is situated at the base of a hill gradually sloping from the harbour, and on the slope the castle built, being crowned on the summit by the citadel, strongly fortified, with its large cannon frowning on the harbour below. In the centre of the harbour is St. George's Island, a small island, strongly fortified; and further off is another Island, also fortified. Halifax could easily be made impregnable, and from the heights above a storm of shot and shell could be hurled at the enemy with annihilating effect. The fleet at present stationed here are the "Royal Alfred," an ironclad of the modern school; the "Cygnet," and one or two smaller craft. The military in garrison are the 4th or King's Own, the 49th, and a battery of artillery—quite a sufficient force on a field day, acting in conjunction with the naval forces, to make a very imposing display: On the opposite side of the harbour is Dartmouth, a small village, prettily situated, to which ferry-boats ply every fifteen minutes from the city. The Lunatic Asylum is on the Dartmouth side, and is a very fine looking structure.

To conclude this hurried description of the city of Halifax, which I have to bring to so abrupt a termination, in order to catch the mail, I may state that a personal visit to this beautifully-situated city is one of the most delightful and satisfactory journeys that can be undertaken. From Halifax, the Nova Scotia Railway runs to Pictou, a distance of 110 miles, and to Windsor, 45 miles distant; running almost directly across the peninsula: The line from Halifax to Pictou is a very superior and well-built road, smooth and very level. The rails are joined by the "Scabbard" joint, the most modern invention for obtaining smooth running, the aim of every contractor. The line was built by Mr. Sandford Fleming, a very skillful and successful contractor, but not until former contractors had completely broken down in their attempts to fulfil their contract. They failed, the work stopped, and the enemies of the road triumphed. Mr. Fleming then undertook the work, and a new order of things was at once instituted; a sufficient number of men

were employed, large steam shovels were procured, and the work pushed on with energy and rapidity, and to-day the road is as perfect as any in the Dominion.

In a former letter, a short sketch of the scenery and appearance of the country from the cars, on the branch from Windsor to Halifax, has been given. Before leaving Halifax, it would not be fair to forget the kindness and attention of the landlord of the Halifax Hotel, and his exertions to ensure the comfort of his Canadian guests during their stay at his well-conducted house.

MAJORITY IN HALIFAX.

No Anti-Unionist, however bitter he may be, will deny the fact that a large majority of the city of Halifax is in favor of Union. The men of wealth and the merchants, who have so much at stake, are as enthusiastic for Confederation as their opponents are bitterly opposed to it; and this the grand display and observance of Confederation Day proved. The men who read, who are broad in their views, who hear and discuss both sides of the question in the city of Halifax, are in favor of Confederation—that is an indisputable fact. At once, seeing the position of affairs, I determined again to return to the country districts, and from conversation with the people, and personal observance, to find out the reason for their antipathy to the scheme, and the class of people who so faithfully adhere to the doctrines of Mr. Howe, the once enthusiastic Confederate.

NEW GLASGOW—THE ANTIS—WHO THEY ARE—HIGH FEELING.

NEW GLASGOW, 16th July.

Arriving in this place again, where the feeling is very high, and the Anti-Confederates very numerous, there being not more than 30 Confederates in the town, out of a population of 2,000 inhabitants, I determined to remain for a few days, in order to find who the people were, and the occasion

for so much bitterness of spirit. New Glasgow is a straggling village, of wretched appearance, the buildings being all of wood, and put up in the most economical manner, without the slightest regard to comfort. Every store-keeper, it would appear, has done his best to have his store if possible by itself, and the consequence is a mixture of small little wooden buildings, of all shapes and sizes, planted side by side, and giving the town an uncomfortable straggling appearance. Sidewalks are looked upon with delightful contempt; and the middle of the street, be it wet or dry, is the fashionable promenade. In rainy weather the streets are very muddy, and there is no other help for it but to wade often more than ankle deep through the sublime composition. The inhabitants are all Highland Scotch, with few exceptions narrow-minded and bigoted—and every one knows what a bigoted Scotchman is. Being a Highland Scotchman myself, I at once saw the people I had to deal with, and immediately made myself quite at home with them, after very nearly getting a sound thrashing in so doing, boldly telling them who I was, what was my mission, and what I thought of them. The first storm of indignation over, there was a mutual understanding, and I was left alone to take my notes. There are four churches in the town, two Anti-burser and two Presbyterian. An English church, and especially if there was an organ in it, would be looked upon as an innovation not to be tolerated. The people have not yet arrived at such a state. On entering the village I met a few Canadians from Upper Canada, and I was at once greeted with "This is the strangest place in the world. The people don't know a thing, and hate Canadians, and are down on Confederation." "Why so?" I asked. "That's the thing they can't tell you themselves. Just wait until you have conversed with them;" and, upon conversation, I found there was much truth in the Canadians' story. There is not such a thing as a reading-room, or a book-store in the village. The people have lived here until the railroad was built, shut out from even the world of Nova Scotia.

They yet talk of when the mail used to come on a man's back from Halifax, and took over a week to reach them ; and, as for a Canadian newspaper, that was strange to them. The consequences of such a state of affairs are that the people are primitive in their ideas, and very rustic in their predilections. At present they read but one side of the question, the other they have no desire to see. They have formed an opinion without discussing the merits of the question, and their opinion once formed, they are too proud and obstinate to alter it one jot, or be convinced. They have *been told* by Howe and his emissaries, and they are quite content to receive what they tell as truth. The people have heard some dreadful things of the Canadians, and, without the slightest hesitation, believe them as truths. Canadians they look upon as smart swindlers, without *knowing anything about them* ; and Confederation as a grand scheme to rob them of their country, and of what we can produce far cheaper and better in Canada. From the following conversation some idea may be formed as to their manner of argument, and I may state that during my stay of a week in this hot-bed of anti-ism, that I have conversed with the most respectable and best educated anti, as well as the most ragged specimen of a McDonald or a Fraser, so that I could make a decided statement. From their own remarks, I have no hesitation in arranging the following scale :—

Educated Anti—So from offended dignity, because the people were not consulted. They were tricked into it they say.

Less Educated Anti—Because the country will be ruined by taxation, whereby Canada will be enriched, and a railroad built that will flood their markets with Canadian produce at a cheaper rate than they (the Antis) can supply them.

Ignorant Anti—(a large majority)—Because they hate Canadians. They don't want to have anything to do with them. They want to do with the States, that they have always dealt with. They won't stand Confederation, and will fight first, before they will annex themselves to a people

they hate. (Howe will be captain of this squad, when he takes to arms, as he says he will.)

I must state that the first two classes are more peculiar to the City of Halifax than the country. For in the country the majority belong to the third class. The arguments have been put in their mouths, and they will abide by their tenor, against all comers.

FEELING OF THE ANTIS.

It may be said that although the feeling be high in New Glasgow, that is only a small portion of the country. Throughout the parts of the country in every direction I visited, the feeling was the same, and the primitive, narrow-minded people the same. New Glasgow was the best and largest place, and enjoying railway communication every day with Halifax, ought to be more enlightened than the surrounding country; and there I could avoid meeting extremists. If the people of New Glasgow are so far behind the age, the country must be far more so. And their actions on the first of July, will prove such to be the case. While all honour was paid the day in Halifax, in many parts of the country the most bitter feeling prevailed, and everything was done by the people to display their hostility to the scheme, and their manner of doing so will convey a better idea of the class of people the Antis of Nova Scotia are. The instances I give are in every particular true.

In New Glasgow those who had flags flying in honor of the occasion, were requested to take them down, and upon refusing to do so, were treated to the most violent language. Many of the flags were cut down by the Antis, and it was considered a rare "smart trick," to put the flag of some isolated Unionist at half-mast high, and then taunt him with it. Such was the treatment of the minority, by the majority. One Unionist gentleman, whose flag had been cut down, procured another, and hoisting it, plainly told them, the first man that attempted to touch it would be shot. It was left

alone, and the Union Jack fluttered bravely the whole of that day.

Near New Glasgow the rails of the track were greased for some distance, in order, it is supposed, to prevent the train with excursionists, who were on their way to Halifax, to take part in the display, from reaching that City. What other motive they could have had it is hard to imagine. But sand was sprinkled on the rails, and the train went on. As an exhibition of feeling, the attempt to prevent a large party from enjoying their holiday, was certainly the most contemptible, and is at once an instance of the small minds that would entertain such a project.

CONVERSATIONS—RAILWAY INCIDENTS, &c

NEW GLASGOW, July 17, 1867.

In my last letter I gave one or two instances of the conduct of the Antis in and around this place on Dominion Day. I shall give a few more, not from any ill nature or prejudice, but simply to convey to the people of Montreal and Canada a correct idea of the Anti-Confederates of Nova Scotia and the allies of the Anti-Unionists of Canada. We have the very same class of people in some of the back regions of Canada to this day. And far greater were their numbers until the railroad, reading, and association with the outer world opened their eyes to their state of semi-civilization. The country people of Nova Scotia are isolated, and see or hear very little of their newly formed relations, the Canadians, as they call them. When the Intercolonial Railway is built, and branch railways run from it through their splendid country, and when their Canadian brethren and fair sisters of Ontario and Quebec over-run their country to breathe the life-giving sea breezes fresh from the Atlantic; when Canadian travellers crowd their villages and towns, and penetrate into the very heart of their country; aye, and

even supposing their country is flooded with Canadian butter, cheese and other produce, and their farmers driven to their wits' end—then will they have to exert themselves to make as good an article, and compete in these manufactures with another portion of the same Dominion with no greater advantages. Then will they come in contact with the outer world, their country be developed and driven to a competition to save themselves from ruin; the people will have a better article of consumption, and live better. But to return to the doings, the foolish ventings of spite of the Antis on Confederation Day.

They not only pulled down the flags of the Unionists to half mast, but as many Union Jacks as they could get hold of they adorned with crape, and hoisted half-mast high. The Anti-papers urged the people on, carefully recorded every instance of disunion, applauded and boasted of them.

In Antigonish, a town some distance from New Glasgow, a Union Jack was taken down, *torn in pieces*, and an American flag hoisted in its stead. The man that saw this done told it to me in the presence of two other Canadians.

I was rather incredulous at first, but was assured again and again of its truth. In fact, the Antis boasted of it.

In another town—I do not remember its name, but there were only three Unionists in it,—having expressed their opinions rather boldly, the Confederates were chased about, and at last took shelter in a house, where they hid all day. The feeling was very high evidently.

It is a well known fact that Dr. Tupper was burnt in effigy at Yarmouth, and that the paper of the town not only boasted of it but regretted that it was not the person of the gentleman that was consigned to the flames. The comments of the press of Canada on such a desire from a newspaper, have already been read.

These facts I would perhaps not have given had not a statement been made by an Anti through the press that my remarks in regard to the primitive ideas and actions of the Anti-Confederates, were not true. I submit the above to

the public of Montreal, and ask if such would be the actions of an enlightened and intelligent community?

RAILWAY INCIDENT.

When the rails of the Nova Scotia Railroad were being laid through New Glasgow, certain officials of the town, high in office, expressed their determination to tear up the rails when they were put down. And accordingly as the workmen were in the act of laying them down, one evening the officials proceeded to where the track ran across a street in the town, and great were their efforts to lift up the rails and pitch them to one side. They succeeded with one or two when the foreman of the laborers came up, and the following conversation took place:

Foreman to stout official—What are you doing with that rail?

Official (perspiring)—I'm going to throw it away.

Foreman—Put down that rail, I say.

Official—No, I won't. The railway is not to pass over here.

Foreman—The rails have to be laid. That's my instructions, and I will do it.

And calling his men they soon ran the rails together. The joints being the patent "Scabbard," this was no difficult work, and defeated and very warm the anti-Railroad leaders retired vowing vengeance against the road. This but illustrated the feeling of the people who were generally opposed to the building of the road that was to develop their country. The Canadians were right when they stated "they were a queer people." To this day the whistle of the locomotive is considered a nuisance. Is it any wonder Confederation should be beyond their comprehension? The paymaster of the road, who was an eye witness of the scene, related the incident as given by me.

A FEMALE ANTI.

A conversation that occurred on the train, between a

respectable farmer's wife sitting beside me in the car, and another a seat or two further off, will be a good instance of the expansive views entertained by the country people of Anti-land in the nineteenth century, in regard to railways. I give it word for word. When near New Glasgow, the lady furthest away cried out in a very loud voice :

"This is a very speedy way of getting home, Mrs. McDonald."

Mrs. McD.—"Aye, it is, *but I prefer travelling in my own conveyance.* Still it's a very handy way of getting home."

Unknown Lady.—"To be sure you have more of your way in your own conveyance, and can go at your own speed, but it is much speedier and more comfortable this way."

Mrs. McD. (doubtfully).—"Yes, no doubt."

There was an ally for the opponents of Confederation in Canada for you. Such are the expansive minds of the people they have to go hand and hand with in opposition to the scheme and the Government that carried it. It is easy to account for the strength of Mr. Howe. He tells these people that Canada is bankrupt, that they only wish a connexion for the purpose of gaining a better credit, and that the people of Nova Scotia have been sold body and bones for eighty cents a head. And they believe him. The secret of Mr. Howe's influence is the credulity of the people.

CONVERSATIONS.

Meeting an intelligent Anti, I asked him :

Will you tell me why are you an Anti ?

Because we have been sold, forced into this connection without being consulted.

Neither were the people of Upper or Lower Canada consulted, and yet they are almost a unit on this question.

Well, they should have been asked.

But they do not seem to think so. The people had every confidence in their representatives, and there was no necessity for putting the country to such expense. It is the duty of your representatives to legislate for you.

Confederation is now a law. Of what use is this high feeling?

We are going to turn out the men that sold us.

Well, that is for you to settle among yourselves. Have you any objection to a plan of Confederation?

No.

Well, why your objection to this one?

I don't like it.

Upon asking him why, he stated that they were not fairly represented, and, among other objections, stated the Government was a worthless one, &c., &c. Had he been consulted he would have been a Confederate. But he was wrong in his opinion of the Government. It was the best they had ever had, and had done more for the country than any before. But all this was forgotten, and a Government that had done so much for the country was not to be trusted with the passing of Confederation. This good Government at once became worthless because the people were not consulted on the question. Upon asking an Anti of the second class, his reasons for opposition, the following conversation ensued:—

Yes, sir, I am Anti, because we are going to have no good out of the plan. You will build a railway to flood our market with your butter, cheese and produce, and undersell us; and we will be heavily taxed for the building of the road to ruin us.

Then you are opposed to the Intercolonial Railway, and the opening of your country?

No; we want the Railway, but we can have it without Confederation.

Oh, I see you want to derive all the benefit without paying for it. But if a railroad is to be built, you must pay your share. But what about the produce coming down in such quantities?

Why, you will flood us with cheese and butter, which you make better than we can, and our farmers will be ruined.

And so they deserve to be, if with such a splendid country they are too lazy or ignorant to make a better article. But

I cannot understand how it will pay to send these articles such a distance to compete with a market on the spot ; however, it will be all the better for the country, if such is the case ; for your farmers will have to learn to make as good an article as we make in Canada, and you will have the better food.

But our farmers don't know how.

Then we will send our Canadians to teach you how, or you can send a deputation to Canada ; but they must pay their own expenses, and your farmers and their wives will take a lesson and learn to make as good butter and cheese as they send you ; and if you are not able then on the spot to sell as cheaply and monopolize the market, you are not fit to live. Take it any way this sending of produce you so much dread will benefit you. The railroad once built, your ports open all the year round will be an outlet for the lumber, grain and produce of our immense country, that at present finds an outlet at Portland, and a new impetus will be given to your cities. Communication will be direct, instead of taking nearly a week to get at you over a rough sea. You will have a mail every day, instead of never seeing a Canadian paper. As it is there is only a mail twice a week to Halifax. In fact you will be brought into contact with the world, and you may depend upon it, if access is easy, your country will be overrun by Canadians. I am only afraid when they see such a fine country they will stay here altogether.

That's all very fine, but we are doing very well ourselves.

That's very false. Since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty your coal trade has been at a stand still, the thousands of miners are living on a prospect and half-pay. This place is even at a stand still. You offer opposition to the opening of your country, and are getting on in a one-horse way.

It suits us. I suppose we can do as we like.

Once upon a time you could, but not now ; for if, as you say, you are to be overrun by Canadians, you will have to **work hard**, and I know you would rather be at a stand still. **Canadians** both in town and country have to work hard to

get a living, and they will not leave you alone if they can do better here. To save yourselves you will have to work hard also. Pleasant prospect, isn't it ?

We don't like Canadians, nor your government ; you are too extravagant.

I know you don't, but we like this fine country of yours, abounding in coal and minerals, the very things we want. And we will make a fine country of yours.

Oh ! you needn't tell me such humbug ; you *will never* take coal from us, you can get it cheaper from the old country. The vessels bring it to you in ballast, and you get it from the States.

I am glad to hear we are so plentifully supplied with what we want so badly. But your coal never came to us in any quantity. You never had enterprise enough to try the experiment, and you had a good market at the time, and didn't care for another. But your dear American friends treated you very badly, and spoilt your market. Just send us as much coal as you can really send, and see if it won't monopolise the market, and be a source of wealth to your country.

That's all very fine, but I can't see it !

Of course as an Anti you will think so. You want to be left alone in your narrow mindedness. You want us to build a railway for your benefit at our expense. You call a government and people extravagant, that you know nothing about, but have been told that they are so. And instead of rejoicing at the prospect of having a large trade opened with your neighbors, you try to raise every objection possible, and indulge in gloomy forebodings. You evidently prefer to deal with the United States, and would go down on your knees to them to renew the Reciprocity Treaty. And that after their conduct to you. Such a spirit will cause you to be despised by your Canadian friends. In your disloyalty, you are like the Rouge, Annexation and Anti-confederate party of Canada, but they are more cunning than you are. Those are the men who are your allies in Canada.

We will deal with the people that have the best market.

But tell me how you can send coal to a country that you say supplies us with it. We have no coal in Canada. Why, if the States supply us, can they not supply themselves? Because they get coal cheaper from you with a duty you say. Why cannot we with coal duty free, get it as cheaply?

ANTI ARGUMENTS OF THE THIRD CLASS.

I am Anti because the country has been sold.

But your men of wealth in Halifax with large fortunes are the most of them Confederates. If their country is ruined they have much more to lose than you that have nothing at all.

But Tupper and the rest are so because they will be bettered by it.

But your leader, Mr. Howe, was once a Confederate, and a very strong one. Was he not?

He can change if he likes, can't he?

Yes, but you should find out his motives and policy for such a change. A short time ago he said Confederation was a grand thing. To-day he says it is a curse, and goes so far as to say he will fight if necessary. Will you fight also?

Yes, sir, if it comes to that.

Then you and your leader will be rebels, that's all.

Well we are not going to join people we hate. The Canadians are too smart for us.

Were you ever in Canada? Did you ever associate with Canadians?

No.

Then why do you say they are such scamps?

Because we have been told so.

Oh, you believe everything you are told, eh! Then you must believe the moon is made of green-cheese, because you have been told so. Go to Canada, and to Montreal and other cities. See the people, and then form an opinion of them. The enlightened people of Canada read both

sides of the question, then form an opinion. You should do the same. It is very despicable to abuse a people you know nothing of.

Tupper had the cheek to tell the people at home that it was no use submitting the scheme to us, for we were not capable of dealing with it.

And Dr. Tupper was right if he did say so. You are fast proving the truth of his remark. He is your own countryman, and knows how to deal with you.

It must not be thought that the above conversations are imaginary. Far from it; they really occurred, but at much greater length than can be given, and the language was more bitter. In giving vent to a bitter feeling, the language was in keeping.

FROM PICTOU TO ST. JOHN.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—CHARLOTTETOWN—SHEDIAC—ST. JOHNS.

Once more on the Nova Scotia Railway, and soon New Glasgow with its anti population is left behind. In about twenty minutes Fisher's Grant is reached, and here a ferry-steamer is waiting for the conveyance of passengers to Pictou on the other side of the bay. Pictou is beautifully situated, and is far ahead of New Glasgow in appearance and intelligence of its inhabitants. No time is allowed for a run into the town, for the good steamer "Princess of Wales" is waiting with steam up to start for Shediac, via Prince Edward Island.

The passengers have just time to get on board, the ropes are cast off, the good byes said, and away sails the "Princess," her bow pointing for the clear blue water ahead. The scenery is very fine in leaving the Bay of Pictou, and as the steamer runs rapidly out to sea the sea breeze comes sweeping in with refreshing effect. A delightful passage of four

hours, and we are entering the magnificent harbour of Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island, and no mean city. The harbour is, indeed, a large and splendid one. As we near the city, the island presents a very beautiful appearance, the red cliffs on the shore covered to the very edge with a luxuriant green, contrasting with the snow white beach with charming effect. Into the harbour three rivers empty themselves, the east, north, and west rivers, the waters of which can be seen stretching away far inland. Approaching nearer the city, the Government House and Catholic Cathedral are conspicuous, and while the eye is lost in admiration of the pretty scene, the steamer runs alongside the wharf, and we are informed that in a very short time she will be off again for Shediac. However, a stroll into the city reveals wide red sandstone streets, a novel sight in themselves; shops of respectable size, and strong healthy looking inhabitants. As there had been a grand Orange procession during the day, the city was gay with bunting, and numbers of the fair sex were promenading the principal thoroughfares—and very fair and pretty were the young ladies of Charlottetown, and, I believe, as a general rule, this is strictly true. A loud whistle from the steamer necessitates a hasty retreat on board, and again is the "Princess" under way. With the departure of daylight, the comfortable well-lighted saloon of the steamer is filled with a sociable group of passengers, and many are the opinions expressed as to the benefits of this Confederation, and grave are the considerations as to what should be the duty of Prince Edward Island in the present critical state of affairs. A Montrealer on board horrified the Islanders by stating that the Island would make a grand watering place for the Dominion, and startling as his proposition seemed to the indignant Charlottetownians, it is a far greater probability than that Prince Edward Island will remain in the state of isolation it at present enjoys. Retiring to a comfortable state-room, after a refreshing night's rest we awake to find ourselves at Shediac, on the north-eastern shore of New Brunswick. In the harbour are a number of vessels

of large tonnage, loading with deal for European ports ; the deals are made in the interior, and brought down to the water's edge, are floated off to the vessels waiting to receive them. The New Brunswick Railroad runs down the wharf to within a few feet of the stream, and the passenger has only to step from the boat to the train now ready to start for the city of St. John. Before leaving the good and staunch steamer that has carried us from Pictou to the present landing place, I must not forget the kindness of the gentlemanly captain, or the indefatigable exertions of the energetic steward to ensure the comfort of his passengers while on board. No one who goes by Halifax should think of returning to either St. John or Portland by any route but by this ; the journey by rail and boat is as pleasant as could be desired, with the advantage of a visit to Prince Edward Island, and a sight of its beautiful harbour and scenery.

We are now on the New Brunswick Railway, and a smoother or better built line cannot be found in the Dominion ; the cars are well finished and commodious, and the rate of travel, as contrasted with many Canadian lines of the same length, very fast. Space will not permit an extended description of the fine scenery witnessed or the many pretty little stations passed, which might furnish material for many more letters, but the attention of the traveller cannot but be attracted by the lovely scenery as the train rushes through the verdant Sussex Valley. Nine miles from St. John is the lovely village of Rothesay, containing many beautiful villas, the summer retreats of the merchants of St. John. A little while longer, and ahead are seen the steeples and buildings of the city of St. John ; the whistle shrieks and the train runs into the well-built station, the terminus of the New Brunswick Railway. Hailing a cab, we shortly arrive at the Waverley House, where dinner is awaiting, and as the morning's journey has been productive of an appetite that might well be the envy of a dyspeptic, the curtain must drop until the substantial fare of the Waverley House has been discussed.

ST JOHN.

An American from Boston, who visited St. John, ridiculed its appearance, poked fun at its inhabitants, and no doubt in so doing imagined he distinguished himself. He certainly did distinguish himself, as an unblushing liar, and the man came from Boston! The man who could come from Boston and criticise the appearance of a city so disparagingly as the lying Boston writer has done, is not only devoid of veracity, but must surely be so ignorant of the delightful cowpath and "Hub of the Universe" notoriety enjoyed by the city he hailed from, as to become a curiosity.

The traveller or business man who visits St. John, witnesses the magnificent situation of the city, enjoys the lovely surrounding scenery, and experiences the hospitality of the inhabitants, and cannot be favourably impressed, should remain at home ever afterwards; he is hardly a fit subject to be let loose from the maternal apron strings.

I must confess I was not prepared for the agreeable surprise I experienced in visiting St. John; this was, perhaps, in consequence of my having been led to believe from another quarter that the city was more below the ordinary than, as it really is, far above it. One very striking feature at once noticed, is the broad streets and sidewalks, and the compact manner in which the city is built—the streets running paralled from the harbour; this, in all cases, has been strictly adhered to, the benefits of which will be more apparent at a future period when the city has assumed greater proportions. Although, like Halifax, St. John is mainly composed of wooden buildings, yet the main street can show some very large and fine blocks of brick, and the wooden structures are fast giving way to others of more substantial material.

The drives from the city to the neighbourhood are numerous and charming, and a very favourite one is to the beautiful village of Rothesay afore-mentioned. The cemeterys of great extent, prettily wooded, well laid out, and, when

finished, will be a fit resting place for the remains of the loved ones gone before us. It is situated a short distance from the city. St. John can boast of one of the largest and finest skating rinks in the Dominion, many being of the opinion that it is equal to the famous Victoria Rink of our city. But, in the writer's opinion, it does not afford such a large unbroken surface of ice as the Victoria, the pillars in the centre, from which the supports for the roof branch off, making a break in the ice. The St. John Rink is built in the shape of a huge dome, and does not present a very imposing appearance from the exterior, but an inside view conveys some idea of its extent, and it admirably answers the purpose for which it was constructed. Driving across the suspension bridge, a marvel of engineering skill, a lovely view is obtained of the St. John river, and of scenery in the back-ground, which I shall not presume to describe. The asylum for the insane is in the Portland suburb, and is a large, well-constructed edifice, and is admirably conducted and managed. Carleton and Portland constitute the suburbs of the city.

But what shall I say of the fair girls of St. John? Simply, that for really fine women, St. John is unrivalled in either Upper or Lower Canada. This may be said, in fact, of New Brunswick generally. Toronto and Quebec may boast of their fair daughters, with every reason, but they must yield the palm to St. John. Sad has been the havoc played with the hearts of British and Canadian visitors by the fair girls of New Brunswick, and no wonder. I met a number of Canadians who were all victims, all caught in the snares of Cupid. "The young ladies all seem to be good-looking here at any rate," I said to a gentleman from Toronto, who had been sometime in the city. "You better believe it," he said, and then he candidly admitted, "I do not intend to return without one of them as my better half, I can tell you." "I give you credit for your sense," I remarked; "I am happy to see you are so practical a Unionist. We shall be much more closely united to New

Brunswick, I can safely predict, when our young Canadians visit this part of our new Dominion." "And glad we will be to see you too," said a hearty young New Brunswickian, who was one of the group; "all the Canadians have been smitten with our lady friends, and those who are not so susceptible, at least speak in the highest praise of them. Are you making a long stay?" "No, I am happy to say, for my own peace 'of mind, I leave by boat to-morrow morning." "Well, you can speak favourably of the New Brunswick girls when you get home." "Indeed I can and will;" and when this catches the eye of my St. John friend he will see I have kept my word, at the risk of being thought a "very horrid fellow" by the young ladies of our more western part of the Dominion. But who ever heard of a literary man with a heart? Besides, the truth must be told. The St. John young ladies are unrivalled, and woe be to the bachelor who so far forgets himself as to place himself within the power of their charms. His chances of future single blessedness are few. If any are sceptical, let them put the truth of my remarks to the test.

I only wish that all who visit St. John may enjoy their visit as much as I did. My stay at St. John was as pleasant as I could desire, and my impressions of both place and people are of so pleasing a nature, that many a day will elapse before I will forget them. I do not offer this as a description of the city or surrounding scenery. My visit was of too brief a nature, and my note-book too full, to permit of giving the detailed account I would wish to have done. I have been unmercifully dealt with by my antiquated Anti newspaper friends of Halifax for simply stating the truth; but hard names break no bones, and they have little effect in marring the happy nature of a very delightful journey.

Mr. Livingstone, of the *Morning Telegraph*, and Mr. Elder, of the *Morning Journal*, of St. John, practically illustrated the kindness and hospitality so proverbial of the Maritime part of our Dominion. I have to acknowledge much kindness

from both these gentlemen, and officers of their staffs. Nor must I omit to mention my jolly friend Guthrie, of the Waverley House, who, although he had his house full to the ceiling, had time to prove a very agreeable landlord. His house will be found the head-quarters for all Canadians, and if he is not wonderfully changed, will prove as agreeable a host as I have stated him to be.

I was fortunate, on leaving St. John, to catch the fine steamer "New York" again, and on a lovely morning we steamed out of the harbour of St. John. The good old city is left behind, and the steamer is smoothly rushing through the water on her way to Portland. A pleasant and smooth passage brings us to Portland at five a.m. The glad intelligence reaches us that a train will start for Montreal at seven, which gives us only two hours to wait.

Seven o'clock found us on board the cars, and a few minutes more we are rattling on our way home. The incidents of the journey on this route, have already been given. As we neared the White Mountains, the crinoline was still waving. Alas! Crinoline. Island Pond, with its usual weary stay is endured. Richmond, St. Hyacinthe, St. Hilaire, are passed. A little while longer St. Lambert is reached, and soon the lights of the city are seen twinkling through the darkness. Rushing through the Victoria Bridge, once more we are at the Bonaventure Station. Stepping on the platform, "Here's yer *Evening Telegraph*," is shouted in our ear. Montreal and the *Evening Telegraph*. What more can we desire. We are indeed at home at last.

To the public I would say, if you wish a delightful journey—a health-giving excursion by rail and ocean,—go to St. John, and by all means take the round trip by Halifax, Pictou, Charlottetown, Shediac, and back again to St. John.



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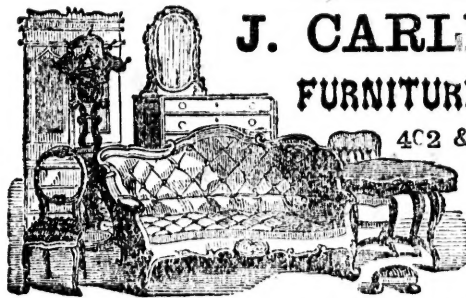
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